
NEWSLETTER

Volume 15, Issue 1

AWD News and Other Things of Interest

November & December 2000

"Being Used"

As told by a lady named Cheryl Stewart

Mother's father worked as a carpenter. On this particular day, he was building some crates for the clothes his church was sending to an orphanage in China. On his way home, he reached into his shirt pocket to find his glasses, but they were gone. He remembered putting them there that morning, so he drove back to the church. His search proved fruitless. When he mentally replayed his earlier actions, he realized what happened. The glasses had slipped out of his pocket unnoticed and fallen into one of the crates, which he had nailed shut. His brand new glasses were headed for China!

The Great Depression was at its height, and Grandpa had six children. He had spent twenty dollars for those glasses that very morning. "It's not fair," he told God as he drove home in frustration. "I've been very faithful in giving of my time and money to your work, and

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"A Charge To Keep"

Excerpt from "A Charge To Keep" by George W. Bush:

Actually, the seeds of my decision had been planted the year before, by the Reverend Billy Graham. He visited my family for a summer weekend in Maine. I saw him preach at the small summer church, St. Ann's by the Sea. We all had lunch on the patio overlooking the ocean. One evening my dad asked Billy to answer questions from a big group of family gathered for the weekend.

He sat by the fire and talked. And what he said sparked a change in my heart. I don't remember the exact words. It was more the power of his example. The Lord was so clearly reflected in his gentle and loving demeanor."

The next day we walked and talked at Walker's Point, and I knew I was in the presence of a great man. He was like a magnet; I felt drawn to seek something different. He didn't lecture or admonish; he shared

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Inside this Issue.....

Why Didn't I Savor Those Precious Moments More?

By Judge Larkin Gooch, PJP

She was a few days older than 2 months of age, lying there on pillows in the big brown chair, with another kitchen chair pulled up so she wouldn't fall out. She had just been fed her formula that didn't keep her from screaming at the top of her voice, as she must have been wondering what to make of these two strangers who were making over her. I tickled her under the chin, cooed and talked softly to her, then she wrapped her little fingers around my finger, looked up at us and heaved a big sigh and dropped off to sleep. For the next 39 years she had me in the palm of her hand. Oh, we had our ups and downs, but from that moment on she was our daughter.

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Several months later, the director of the orphanage was on furlough in the United States. He wanted to visit all the churches that supported him in China, so he came to speak one Sunday night at my grandfather's small church in Chicago. Grandpa and his family sat in their customary seats among the sparse congregation.

The missionary began by thanking the people for their faithfulness in supporting the orphanage. "But most of all." He said, "I must thank you for the glasses you sent last year. You see, the Communist had just swept through the orphanage, destroying everything, including my glasses. I was desperate. Even if I had the money, there was simply no way of replacing those glasses. Along with not being able to see well, I experienced headaches every day, so my coworkers and I were much in prayer about this. Then your crates arrived. When my staff removed the covers, they found a pair of glasses lying on top."

The missionary paused long enough to let his words sink in. Then, still gripped with the wonder of it all, he continued: "Folks, when I tried on the glasses, it was as though they had been custom-made just for me! I want to thank you for being a part of that."

The people listened, happy for the miraculous glasses. But the missionary surely must have confused their church with another, they thought. There were no glasses on their list of items to be sent overseas.

But sitting quietly in the back, with tears streaming down his face, an ordinary carpenter realized the Master Carpenter had used him in an extraordinary way.



No quakes ever rock Texas? Think again

By A.C. Greene - TEXAS SKETCHES

The recent earthquakes in Southern California caused many Texans to remark that although the Lone Star State might have more than its share of tornadoes, at least it didn't have earthquakes.

But Texas has had several earthquakes. Seventeen that might have registered a 5 or greater on the Richter scale (introduced in 1938) have occurred since 1882. In that year, an earthquake centered near Fort Smith, Arkansas, caused damage at Sherman, and

warmth and concern. Billy Graham didn't make you feel guilty; he made you feel loved.

Over the course of that weekend, Reverend Graham planted a mustard seed in my soul, a seed that grew over the next year. He led me to the path, and I began walking. And it was the beginning of a change in my life. I had always been a religious person, had regularly attended church, even taught

Sunday school and served as an altar boy. But that weekend my faith took on a new meaning. It was the beginning of a new walk where I would recommit my heart to Jesus Christ.

I was humbled to learn that God sent His Son to die for a sinner like me. I was comforted to know that through the Son, I could find God's amazing grace, a grace that crosses every border, every barrier and is open to everyone. Through the love of Christ's life, I could understand the life-changing powers of faith.

When I returned to Midland, I began reading the Bible regularly. Don Evans talked me into joining him and another friend, Don Jones, at a men's community Bible study. The group had first assembled the year before, in spring of 1984, at the beginning of the downturn in the energy industry. "Midland was hurting. A lot of people were looking for comfort and strength and direction. A couple of men started the Bible study as a support group, and it grew. By the time I began attending, in the fall of 1985, almost 120 men would gather. We met in small discussion groups of ten or twelve, then we joined the larger group for full meetings.

Don Jones picked me up every week for the meetings. I remember looking forward to them. My interest in reading the Bible grew stronger and stronger, and the words became clearer and more meaningful. "We studied Acts, the story of the Apostles building the Christian Church, and next year, the Gospel of Luke. The preparation for each meeting took several hours, reading the Scripture passages and thinking through responses to discussion questions. I took it seriously, with my usual touch of humor. "Laura and I were active members of the First Methodist Church of Midland, and we participated in many family programs, including James Dobson's Focus on the Family series on raising children. As I studied and learned, Scripture took on greater meaning, and gained confidence and understanding in my faith. I read the Bible regularly. Don Evans

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gave me the "one-year" Bible, a Bible divided into 365 daily readings, each one including a section from the New Testament, the Old Testament, Psalms, and Proverbs. I read through that Bible every other year. During the years in between, I would pick different chapters to study at different times.

I have also learned the power of prayer. I pray for guidance. I do not pray for earthly things, but for heavenly things, for wisdom and patience and understanding. My faith gives me focus and perspective. It teaches humility. But I also recognize that faith can be misinterpreted in the political process.

Faith is an important part of my life. I believe it is important to live my faith, not flaunt it. "America is a great country because of our religious freedoms. It is important for any leader to respect the faith of others. That point was driven home when Laura and I visited Israel in 1998.

We had traveled to Rome to spend Thanksgiving with our daughter, who was attending a school program there, and spent three days in Israel on the way home. It was an incredible experience. I remember waking up at the Jerusalem Hilton and opening the curtains and seeing the Old City before us, the Jerusalem stone glowing gold. We visited the Western Wall and the Church of the Holy Sepulcher. And we went to the Sea of Galilee and stood atop the hill where Jesus delivered the Sermon on the Mount. It was an overwhelming feeling to stand in the spot where the most famous speech in the history of the world was delivered, the spot where Jesus outlined the character and conduct of a believer and gave his disciples and the world the beatitudes, the golden rule, and the Lord's Prayer.

Our delegation included four gentile governors-one Methodist, two Catholics, and a Mormon, and several Jewish-American friends. Someone suggested we read Scripture. I chose to read "Amazing Grace," my favorite hymn. Later that night we all gathered at a restaurant in Tel Aviv for dinner before we boarded our middle-of-night flight back to America.

We talked about the wonderful experiences and thanked the guides and government officials who had introduced us to their country. And toward the end of

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to
(unbeknownst to the rest of us) walked down to the Sea of Galilee, joined hands underwater, and 🦋 prayed

together, on bended knee. Then out of his mouth came a hymn he had known as a child, a hymn he hadn't thought about in years. He got every word right "Now is the time approaching, by prophets long foretold, when all shall dwell together, One Shepherd and one fold. Now Jew and Gentile, meeting, from many a distant shore, around an altar kneeling, one common Lord adore."

Faith changes lives. I know, because faith has changed mine. I could not be governor if I did not believe in a divine plan that supersedes all human plans. Politics is a fickle business. Polls change. Today's friend is tomorrow's adversary. People lavish praise and attention. "Many times it is genuine; sometimes it is not. Yet I build my life on a foundation that will not shift. My faith frees me. Frees me to put the problem of the moment in proper perspective. Frees me to make decisions that others might not like. Frees me to try to do the right thing, even though it may not poll well... The death penalty is a difficult issue for supporters as well as its opponents. I have a reverence for life; my faith teaches that life is a gift from our Creator.

In a perfect world, life is given by God and only taken by God. I hope someday our society will respect life, the full spectrum of life, from the unborn to the elderly. I hope someday unborn children will be protected by law and welcomed in life. I support the death penalty because I believe, if administered swiftly and justly, capital punishment is a deterrent against future violence and will save other innocent lives. "Some advocates of life will challenge why I oppose abortion yet support the death penalty; to me, it's the difference between innocence and guilt.

Today, two weeks after Jeb's inauguration, in the church in downtown Austin, the pastor Mark Craig was telling me that my reelection as the first Governor to win back-to-back four- year terms in the history of the state of Texas was a beginning, not an end. People are starved for faithfulness. He talked of the need for honesty in government; he warned that leaders who cheat on their wives will cheat their country, will cheat their colleagues, will cheat themselves. The minister said that America is starved for honest leaders. He told the story of Moses, asked by God to lead his people to a land of milk and honey. Moses had a lot of reasons to shirk the task. As the pastor told it, Moses' basic reaction was, "Sorry, God, I'm busy. I've got a family. I've got sheep to tend. I've got a life. Who am I that I should

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go to Pharaoh, and bring the sons of Israel out of Egypt? The people won't believe me," he protested. "I'm not a very good speaker. Oh, my Lord, send, I pray, some other person," Moses pleaded. But God did not, and Moses ultimately did his bidding, leading his people through forty years of wilderness and wandering, relying on God for strength and direction and inspiration. People are "starved for leadership," Pastor Craig said, "starved for leaders who have ethical and moral courage." "It is not enough to have an ethical compass to know right from wrong, he argued. America needs leaders who have the moral courage to do what is right for the right reason. It's not always easy or convenient for leaders to step forward, he acknowledged; remember, even Moses had doubts.

He was talking to you," my mother later said. The pastor was, of course, talking to all of us, challenging each one of us to make the most of our lives, to assume the mantle of leadership and responsibility wherever we find it. He was calling on us to use whatever power we have, in business, in politics, in our communities, and in our families, to do good for the right reason. And the sermon spoke directly to my heart and my life. There was no magic moment of decision. After talking with my family during the Christmas holidays, then hearing the rousing sermon to make most of every moment during my inaugural church service, I gradually felt more comfortable with the prospect of a presidential campaign. My family would love me, my faith would sustain me, no matter what. During the more than half century of my life, we have seen an unprecedented decay in our American culture, a decay that has eroded the foundations of our collective values and moral standards of conduct. Our sense of personal responsibility has declined dramatically, just as the role and responsibility of the federal government have increased.

The changing culture blurred the sharp contrast between right and wrong and created a new standard of conduct: "If it feels good, do it" and "If you've got a problem, blame somebody else. "Individuals are not Responsible for their actions, the new culture said, we are all victims of forces beyond our control. We went from a culture of sacrifice and saving to a culture obsessed with grabbing all the gusto. We went from accepting responsibility to assigning blame. "As government did more and more, individuals were required to do less and less. ↗

The new culture said if people were poor, the government should feed them. If someone had no house, the government should provide one. If criminals are not responsible for their acts, then the answers are not prisons, but social programs.

For our culture to change, it must change one heart, one soul, and one conscience at a time. Government can spend money, but it cannot put hope in our hearts or a sense of purpose in our lives. "But government should welcome the active involvement of people who are following a religious imperative to love their neighbors through after-school programs, child care, drug treatment, maternity group homes, and a range of other services. Supporting these men and women-the soldiers in the armies of compassion-is the next bold step of welfare reform, because I know that changing hearts will change our entire society.

During the opening months of my presidential campaign, I have traveled our country and my heart has been warmed. My experiences have reinvigorated my faith in the greatness of Americans. They have reminded me that societies are renewed from the bottom up, not the top down. Everywhere I go, I see people of love and faith, taking time to help a neighbor in need. These people and thousands like them are the heart and soul and greatness of America.

And I want to do my part. I am running for President because I believe America must seize this moment, America must lead. We must give our prosperity a greater purpose, a purpose of peace and freedom and hope. We are a great nation of good and loving people. And together, we have a charge to keep." ☆

This walk is impossible to walk alone, to talk the talk is another story. My hopes and prayers are that George W. Bush is truly spirit filled and will have the prayers of many righteous men to support him in the truth, and that he will make a difference if elected.

Comment by AWD



As she grew up she became Daddy's girl. That doesn't mean that she didn't love her Mother, but like most girls she was a daddy's girl. I remember when she was about 3 or 4 years old, I worked nights and got home about 1 A.M. Much to the chagrin of her mother, she would stay awake many nights or wake up when I came in, and we would have about thirty minutes of a rough and tumble-wrestling match. It was about this time, I think, that she said, "My Daddy can do no wrong," and in later years changed to "My Daddy is always right."

She was a happy-go-lucky girl and so full of life while growing up she never met a stranger. She was always drawing things or writing (before she learned to write) notes for me. She picked bouquets of flowers as gifts for her mother. She would always pick the best for her mother and when asked why she pulled up the neighbor's pretty flowers? Her answer was, "flowers for my Muver." That was when she was about 2 years old. Talking to her never stopped her from picking the flowers and bringing them to her "Muver." Once while she was still in kindergarten and had a block to walk home from school, she passed by the house of a doctor who lived in the middle of the block. He had a big flowerbed with some very expensive flowers planted, and I can see my daughter, in my minds' eye watching those flowers mature and the day they were at their best here she came in with "flowers for my Muver." It didn't break her of the habit when "Muver" marched her right back to the doctor's house and knocked on the door and made her apologize and give the flowers back. She never stopped bringing flowers to her "Muver."

As she grew up she always had the attitude and said it many times that "Daddy could do no wrong or he was always right." Of course that wasn't so. I remember one time when it was brought home to me very forcibly that I was wrong. We had never found the right time to tell her that she was adopted, I guess because we considered her as our own daughter (which she was) and forgot at times that she was adopted. Well, one evening after school, we were working on the fence or barn or whatever and as usual she was right under our feet. telling about her day at school (she was in the third grade at the time) when she said something that will ring in my ears till the day I die. "Daddy, you know what those kids said about me today? They said I was 'dopted and didn't know anything." Well I guess this was the right time to tell her and we did the best we could, trying to make her understand that we loved her as much as

if she was our very own and that she wasn't dumb because things happened that she had no control over. We explained to her that when we married we knew that we would never have any children and planned to adopt one all along and we chose her and she wasn't our adopted daughter but our own daughter. I know it upset her and for a few days she was very quiet. She never said another word about it until years later when she told us from that time on she knew what her life's work would be making it easier for orphan children. Years later I heard in a round about way that after she found out the truth about being adopted that she had a new attitude toward us, besides love she felt gratitude. I made it a point to tell her it was us who was grateful and I think in her later years we proved that that was so. Why didn't I tell her first and why didn't I savor those precious moments more?

She was always a "home" girl and never gave us any trouble even during those hard years when she went off to school. She would come home ever chance she got and Christmas was a must. She was a very loving girl and regardless how broke she was she always managed to remember each of us in someway on birthdays, anniversaries and Christmas. In fact in later years, after she went to work she almost needed a truck to bring all the presents home when she came home Christmas. She would not only have many packages for us but she remembered everybody. I guess I understood my daughter more after I talked to her about all her giving. When I asked her "Why?" She said, "Father (in a very condescending way), they don't cost very much." I asked, "are you trying to buy everyone's love." And when she answered. "No, Father," I finally understood.

After she moved to Tulsa she seemed to settle down and our relationship took on a more mature nature. She came to us for all major decisions and we learned a long time ago not to say she had to do something, so we would calmly give her the options and let her make her own decisions. Invariably, it would be the thing we wanted her to do. It seemed our minds ran along the same track. Those years were the happy years. She married and still her love for us did not diminish, but it seemed to us that when she started loving someone else her love for us increased. It pleased us very much when she became a Christian and became active in the Church. Her and her husband's testimony is just more evidence that the Bible is truth. She has said many times since, that

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when they began tithing they had more money and a better outlook on life than ever before.

Don't get me wrong, she had her faults. She and I both knew that she was eating too much and try as she would, she never could break that habit. We talked a lot about that one, and she often said it was a disease, called 'foodaholic.' She would go on diets, stay for awhile but fall off. I noticed that when she came home she would hardly go anywhere with us. We came to the conclusion that it was because she thought we were ashamed of her because of her being overweight. I'm thankful that I changed that idea for the last few times she was home, and she went with us everywhere. She always said she wouldn't have the intestinal by-pass operation because some of her friends had had it and it wasn't too successful, but when she was home that last weekend just before her gall bladder surgery, she was enthused about a new operation - stomach clamp. A co-worker had had it and the procedure seemed to be working. The operation wasn't the cause of her death, it was just her time to go, but I believe it would have been easier if she had lived long enough to enjoy a slim figure for a while. The Lord is always right.

She was beautiful in more ways than one, and we thank the Lord everyday for letting us have her for 39 years. We were blessed richly.

It's one consolation to know Kay was ready to go, she was right with her God and I know there is a new star in the heaven tonight gathering flowers for her "Muver," and saying "My Daddy can do no wrong." God please help me to make that as true as I can.

Oh, why didn't I enjoy those precious moments more?



There is something special, close, and permanent about the relationship between father and daughter. When the father has a daughter he can't help but love her, and if he loves and honors his daughter, as he should, she can't help but be in love with him. When a daughter completes the journey through this life before her father, graduating through death to a new life and leaving behind her first best boyfriend. It is a major devastation for Dad. Many fathers have not been able to make it through the grief, loss and painful emptiness. This is a paraphrased part of an article written by Judge Larkin Gooch shortly after the death of his daughter Karen Kay Gooch on October 12, 1972. Comment by AWD



heavy machinery vibrated, bricks were thrown from chimneys, and objects overturned. In 1891, violent shaking of buildings and a few toppled chimneys were reported in Rusk.

The Texas Panhandle has suffered several quakes. In 1917, one at the town of Panhandle caused a school to be evacuated, and in 1925 in the same area there were three distinct shocks in 15 seconds.

A 1931 quake measuring as much as an 8 in intensity shook sparsely inhabited far western Texas, heavily damaging buildings at Valentine and causing minor injuries.

In 1932, a quake hit the Mexia-Wortham area, and Bricks thrown down and plaster cracked. One in 1934 centered on the Red River valley in Lamar County.

A more widely felt quake occurred in 1936 in the Panhandle region of White Deer, Gruver and Whittenberg; it also shook Oklahoma and Kansas. Another shock in 1948 did minor damage in the areas of Amarillo, Dalhart and Perryton. Amarillo and Hereford were hit by a small earthquake in 1951 that reached Lubbock and Borger.

A 1957 temblor in northeastern Texas, near Arkansas and Louisiana, caused switchboards to be swamped with alarmed resident calls in Gladewater, Marshall, Nacogdoches and Troup.

A series of milder shocks was felt in 1964 from April to June. Hemphill got a mild quake in August of that year. The Panhandle again had a 4.8 tremor in 1966.

Four small quakes occurred near El Paso in 1969, and in 1947 the Panhandle was hit again. All these temblors caused only minor damage, such as broken glass and hairline cracks in plaster.

A mile quake also rocked an area south of San Antonio in 1983.

Although several Texas earthquakes have reached intensity measurements of 6 and even 8, none has been deadly. Possibly the worst earthquake damage in Texas occurred in 1811 and 1812 when ripples from the enormously damaging New Madrid earthquake in Missouri are believed to have caused upheaval in northeast Texas.

A.C. Greene is an author and Texas historian who lives in Salado. The date that this article was published is unknown as is the paper that the clip was removed from. This was sent to my by my Aunt Mary Cremeen of Burleson, Texas.



"When the government fears the people, you have liberty. When the people fear the government you have tyranny." -Thomas Jefferson

A Christmas Story

It's just a small, white envelope stuck among the branches of our Christmas tree. No name, no identification, no inscription. It has peeked through the branches of our tree for the past 10 years or so.

It all began because my husband Mike hated Christmas---oh, not the true meaning of Christmas, but the commercial aspects of it--overspending...the frantic running around at the last minute to get a tie for Uncle Harry and the dusting powder for Grandma---the gifts given in desperation because you couldn't think of anything else.

Knowing he felt this way, I decided one year to bypass the usual shirts, sweaters, ties and so forth. I reached for something special just for Mike. The inspiration came in an unusual way.

Our son Kevin, who was 12 that year, was wrestling at the junior level at the school he attended; and shortly before Christmas, there was a non-league match against a team sponsored by an inner-city church, mostly black. These youngsters, dressed in sneakers so ragged that shoestrings seemed to be the only thing holding them together, presented a sharp contrast to our boys in their spiffy blue and gold uniforms and sparkling new wrestling shoes. As the match began, I was alarmed to see that the other team was wrestling without headgear, a kind of light helmet designed to protect a wrestler's ears. It was a luxury the ragtag team obviously could not afford. Well, we ended up walloping them. We took every weight class. And as each of their boys got up from the mat, he swaggered around in his tatters with false bravado, a kind of street pride that couldn't acknowledge defeat.

Mike, seated beside me, shook his head sadly, "I wish just one of them could have won," he said. "They have a lot of potential, but losing like this could take the heart right out of them." Mike loved kids -- all kids -- and he knew them, having coached little league football, baseball and lacrosse. That's when the idea for his present came. That afternoon, I went to a local sporting goods store and bought an assortment of wrestling headgear and shoes and sent them anonymously to the inner-city church. On Christmas Eve, I placed the envelope on the tree, the note inside telling Mike what I had done and that this was his gift from me.



His smile was the brightest thing about Christmas that year and in succeeding years. For each Christmas, I followed the tradition---one year sending a group of mentally handicapped youngsters to a hockey game, another year a check to a pair of elderly brothers whose home had burned to the ground the week before Christmas, and on and on. The envelope became the highlight of our Christmas. It was always the last thing opened on Christmas morning and our children, ignoring their new toys, would stand with wide-eyed anticipation as their dad lifted the envelope from the tree to reveal its contents.

As the children grew, the toys gave way to more practical presents, but the envelope never lost its allure. The story doesn't end there.

You see, we lost Mike last year due to dreaded cancer. When Christmas rolled around, I was still so wrapped in grief that I barely got the tree up. But Christmas Eve found me placing an envelope on the tree, and in the morning, it was joined by three more.

Each of our children, unbeknownst to the others, had placed an envelope on the tree for their dad. The tradition has grown and someday will expand even further with our grandchildren standing around the tree with wide-eyed anticipation watching as their fathers take down the envelope. Mike's spirit, like the Christmas spirit, will always be with us.

Unknown Author



Flippo Family Reunification 2000

By Vickie George

I "pulled cover," slowly waking to the purr of a gentle rain falling, and the luring scent of bacon sizzling. Not to mention the crash of our barracks door slamming! A cousin was in close pursuit of a tiny nephew, one of many, in various sizes, scampering after balls, frisbees and mainly each other.

This was Saturday morning, the end of of July, and we were at our 31st consecutive Flippo Reunion. Since Friday afternoon, we had been gathering, then hugging, reminiscing, eating, swimming, playing, walking and driving back to town for something at Wal-Mart.

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This year's gathering was attended by 90 kin, most staying over at least one night at the youth camp we rent at Bonham State Park. Saturday's events included a tasty "hungry man" breakfast, more gathering, visiting, etc., our annual Barbecue Dinner at 3:00 PM, followed by plenty of Stan's homemade ice cream, our 3rd annual Reunion Auction, a giant Barney piñata (our 31st) for the children, a volleyball game down at the lake, and the day ended with our big 42 Domino Tournament. Aunt Jean had shirts ready for the winners.

This year's winners were Tommy Shepard and Darrell Flippo. Way to go guys!

"At the Auction," Granddaddy's hats were a special purchase this year. Our own, Kurt Ryle's country music CD's were again a popular buys. Nicole's reunion cookbook, with family photos, caused a bidding war. And, there were various other "wonderful stuff." Contributions by both donors and buyers help cover the cost of our weekend get together.

We met some new family! Ray and Jane Porter's children Loren and twins Lindsay and Logan attended their very first reunion. Noel proved to be a big help with 1-year-old twins. Also, Jay George and his fiancée Heather, who would marry the following weekend, brought Heather's daughter, Sydney, age 7, as a "first timer" More "batters" for our piñata! We missed Alta and Lonnie, Glenn, Keith and Jill this year. We all think of Laberta and wish she could be with us. We hear from Rose and hope she will come again. It was great that Lucy, Jerry and Brett were able to come from Colorado Springs, as well as the Alice James family from Austin!

By Sunday morning our food supply was mostly eaten, the buildings and grounds were cleaned, our cars packed. We hugged and waved goodbye, "See you all next year!" Same time, same place.



In theory, there is no difference between theory and practice; In practice, there is. -Chuck Reid

A leader who keeps his ear to the ground allows his rear end to become a target. -Angie Papadakis

Friends or Sisters!

By Jasmine Doudney Schnauzer Dog

Why in the world would my friend-sometimes mistaken for my sister-Camry, (she looks just like me only she hasn't any gray hair yet,) mention me in an article and say the things about me that she did in the last newsletter? That little Bitty! I refuse to say anymore than that. I am a little upset, but I refuse to talk about her. Her only problem is that she is just a little immature and that is all I am going to say about that. She does othing but lay qaround all day and doesn't even get up to pitch in on the brking at the neighbor dogs, and I won't mention the fact that she never runs to the door on the arrival of the Bopss. No, I am not going to say anymore. Even though she thinks that she is so cute and so smart. The fact is that the article that she supplied in the last newsletter has caused a chasm between her and me. I can't stand to be in the same room with her. That is all I will say about that.

Nothing going on around here that is much different from the past 5 or 6 years. The Boss is gone most of the time and since Andy and Ash have moved out it gets pretty lonely around here. Linda is gone most of the day except for noon to half past; she comes home and brushes her teeth after lunch and heads out again. She has Bunko every month and Bridge once a month as well, and Andy is in town she is over at their apartment, so she is late getting in several nights a month. It is very lonesome being here with just us Schnauzers, and now with the rif between Camry and me it is even worse.

Camry reminds me of the cartoon character Garfield, the cat that is half-asleep most of the time. Whjen awake she says such horrible things about me. I said that I wasn't going to mention her again, and I'm not.

The Boss spent 5 days of August unsuccessfully trying to climb a 14,000-foot mountain, and I'll be if he isn't planning another trip to try to climb the same mountain again. He swears that he will make it this time. Time will tell, and we will see. That is all I have to say about that or anything else for that matter.